

T I T for T A T; O R, The Merry W I V E S of W A P P I N G.



AL L you that delight in a frolikesome song,
I'll tell you a story before it is long;
It is of a sea-captain a frolikesome spark,
Who play'd with a sailor's fair wife in the dark.

John Hanson, a sailor, so called by name,
Whose wife was a fair and beautiful dame,
She once came on board her husband to see,
The captain said, girl, you're a supper for me,

The captain's chops water'd at her full fore,
One day he commanded the women on shore,
And every man on board he must be,
Whilst his fair charmer he went to see.

Then the charming Molly took leave of her dear,
The captain after her quickly did steer,
Being late in the evening before he went home,
Begging to tell her his amorous moan.

Thou fairest of creatures take pity on me,
And keep it a secret what I tell unto thee,
The charms of thy beauty my favour has won,
And if you slight me I'm surely undone.

She said, noble captain, your suit is in vain;
My husband's a sailor that ploughs on the main,
And you are his captain: then be not so base,
He would make us rue should he know the case.

Here's fifty bright guineas I'll give my delight,
If that you'll let me lie with you to night,
And his horns let him take as a venture to sea,
And I'll use him kindly in each degree.

The sight of the gold so tempted the dame,
She quickly consented to play the old game,
The captain lay with her for certain that night,
And paid her down fifty guineas so bright.

His bed-fellow pleased him so to the life,
He often goes to her and leaves his own wife,
At length the young sailor did hear by and by,
And kept it as snug as a pig in a sty.

One day he said to her I think my delight,
For to go on board this very same night,
She said if you please, and I wish you well there,
So taking a kiss she did part from her dear.

The sailor resolving to see what was done,
In the dusk of the evening went into the room,
And under the bed he lay snug and warm,
She sent for the captain thinking no harm.

She said, my delight my husband's on board,
He said, I doubt it. She said, on my word.
For he parted from me, and bid me good night,
O then, said the captain, I'll have my delight.

Then straitway they stript, and to bed did go,
Where he tel a-riding, as you do know how,
He jostled the sailor so under the bed,
Finding the captain had horned his head.

He stay'd till both had got fast asleep,
Then softly from under the bed he did creep,
And put on the captain's lac'd breeches and coat,
Nay, his shoes and stockings to help on the joak.



Then dressing himself from top to toe,
Away to the captain's fair bride he did go,
He knock'd at the door with courage so bold,
Being dress'd in cloaths embroider'd with gold.

The maid let him in, being late in the night,
And being half asleep, she gave him a light,
He said, where's your lady? Said she in bed,
Then open my chamber door quickly, he said.

Now desperate drunk himself he did frame,
And the lady said, captain, you run a fine game:
Sometimes all the night from me you do stro'e,
And when you come home you're as drunk as an owl.

He leapt into bed, the light did out puff,
And the lady turn'd her backside in a huff,
He grumbld and growld, as fots o'ten do,
With pulling and hawling her to buckle too.

You'll tear my lac'd smock, said the lady fair,
And your breath smells strong of ale and beer.

I cannot turn to you, so teize me no more,
I guess you have been carousing with some whore.

He said not a word but he play'd with her knees,
At length the lady began to be pleas'd;
And then she Tit for Tat with the captain did play,
And slept in his arms 'till it was broad day.

But when in the morning she did see his face,
She began to cry out in a pitiful case,
He said, my sweet lady, be not in a fright,
For the captain's been kissing my wife all night.

She laugh'd till her sides she held at the joak,
To think how her spouse did fret for his coat,
She said I will go in a coach I protest,
To see how he looks in his tarpaulin dress.

The sailor and lady up stairs did trip,
And the captain there in his jacket did sit.
The sailor said, captain, I thought you on board,
But the captain sat there, and said not a word.



He took up a stick, and gave him a stroke,
Now, firrah, says he, Jack pull off my coat;
The lady said, captain, pray where might you be
When he got your coat and came to bed to me.

I vow it has made a woeful mistake,
I hope, quoth the captain, he han't horned my pate.
Husband, quoth the lady, I say nothing to that,
You know, if he has, it is but Tit for Tat.

With that the captain flew in a rage,
And nothing could his passion allwage;
But you must pay dearly, the sailor reply'd,
For horning of me, being wifely beside.

Come give me my coat, here is fifty pound,
And beware the joak the world don't go round,
As many can match us, we very well know,
For we are cuckolds, boys, all of a row.